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The Jewels of King Art

James Connolly



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THE
JEWELS OF KING ART

BY

JAMES CONNOLLY



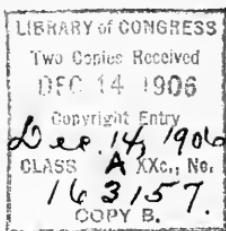
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1906

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To Pajaro

My pet Mocking Bird

Laureate of the Great South West



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THE JEWELS OF KING ART

THE JEWELS OF KING ART

The warm south winds of May for days had blown,
And sun and shower by fruitful turns had strown
The fresh green hills and fields with op'ning buds,
And all the quiet, heartsome neighborhoods,
Untroubled by the discords of the crowd,
Thrilled with new life; the trees in reverence
 bowed

Their heads, and flung their leafy banners out
Amid the song of lark and thrush, and shout
Of farmer boys disporting on the grass,
Or watching the home coming milkmaids pass
And linger at the turn of the boreen,
A little way beyond, where could be seen
The better every simple charm and grace
Of rounded bust and limb and glow of face,
And tapered ankle, foot and shining tress,
And all the lure of native loveliness,
Resistless as the flowers are to the sun,
That round his convex orbit daily run.

This ominous wind of passion and desire
Had from the skies blown, like a wind of fire,
All winter glooms and dismal cloudiness—
The Prince its prurience had felt no less
Than did the peasant. And Hanrahan
The red and Aebhen held both court and clan
In strange enchantment of their mystic spells,
At twilight when the dews and vesper bells
Filled all the lovely land of meath around
With that divine delight of sight and sound—
And taste and smell and feeling, all too fine
For any but the fairie poet's line.

MacBuain, sweet spoken Prince of Emania,
With all his men at arms in rich array,
And charioteers, fared forth Aillinn to meet—
Aillinn the loveliest maid and passing sweet—
Of all the maids of Leinster, she who knew,
Or thought his stories, as his love were true—
To meet him at Rosnaree was journeying
With retinue like the daughter of a king—
Leaving her Boyne behind her fast and far—
And urging forward toward her Pilot star,
The steadfast light and life of her heart's life—
Her one supreme desire to be his wife.

Deep in the beauty of a flowery glen
MacBuain now called a halt and bid his men
Unyoke their chariots royal for the night—
And when resigned to the serene delight
Of such entranced moments, all too few,
There from the south a horrid spectre flew
Toward them with vehement step, and fleet
As wings of fire flame up a city street.
“Go meet and ask him whence he comes, and
where
He goes, my men; and of surprise beware!”
Ordered MacBuain, “and why such headlong
haste,
As a white Deer by hounds, swift-footed chased.”

“ From Leinster Mount I came, and back I go
To see the river Bann's majestic flow
Through prospects fairer than your Ulster boasts,
MacBuain!” the sceptre cried, “nor all your
hosts—
Your chiefs and men and troops can save Aillinn—
I saw her by the youths of Leinster slain—

There is my news!" Then fled the shape away
Like gust of wind blowing down a stormy sea.

Seeing their stricken Prince pale, totter, fall,
His troubled chiefs around him gathered all,
To get him quick restored and comforted;
But found alas that his great soul had fled
Its house of clay to meet Aillinn's above
And bide in the eternal realm of love.

They raised his tomb and rath with loving hands
Whereon a stone inscribed in Ogam stands—
The Ultonians played their funeral gaines anew,
And from his grave a yew tree tall upgrew.
The spectre then to Aillinn's presence went;
Her heart at sight of him with fear was rent—
"Whence comes he? We know not this strange
rude man,"
She trembling said.

" From the bright river Bann
I come apace, and to Mount Leinster go"—
" You have strange news," the maiden said, " I
know."

" No news have I at all worth mentioning,
Save that I saw his men the grave digging
Of Ulster's Royal Heir—and bury him
Who died for love of thee at twilight dim."
The spectre sped away, the maiden fell
Dead on the spot, as olden Ollavs tell.
Her maids and ladies waiting, all in tears,
Saw her entombed in royal state, as peers
Of greater realms at last are laid to rest,
With fresh blown roses dewy on her breast.

Then marveled all the neighborhood to see
Grow from her grave a towering apple tree,
Till on its top at seven years' end appeared
Her lovely head, by fairy hands upreared—
And men tilled, at the noon of darkest night,
Their new rose gardens by the yellow light
And beauty of her long disheveled hair—
And on the yew, grown over MacBuain's grave,
 there
Stood his head, till bards and prophets saw
The primal truth of love behind the law,
And cutting down both trees they straightway
 made
Of each a poet's tablet, broad, with gold inlaid.
On this the courtships, loves, espousals, feuds,
Of Ulster one wrote down, and nobler deeds
Of chiefs in arms. On that of Leinster wrote
Another likewise, down from time remote.

Long centuries after, at a festival
Given by Art, High King, in Tara's Hall,
To all the learned men of art and science,
Who brought their Ogam tablets to the prince
As was the custom, to be read and sifted
By those with critic acumen most gifted.
The King's all-seeing eye with rapture caught
Sight of the tablets, so divinely wrought,
And took them in his hands for closer view,
When, quick as thought, together then they flew—
And clung as close as woodbine round an oak—
“Nay do not sever them,” the king up spoke,
“ But thus preserve them with our jewels rare
In Tara here, that time to come may share,
And future kings, such symbols of the days
Of old, when men loved in sublimer ways

And lived the precious things of life to shield
From vandal hordes, as sages have revealed."

For centuries the tablets were preserved
An all good purpose of King Art well served
Till ages after, came a fire wind blown,
Kindled by Dunlang and burnt Tara down;
And all its treasures rare went up in flame,
And the great heart of Erin felt the shame
And feels the loss and sorrow now, and must
Till time's no more and all things fallen to dust.
Yet on its ashes, in the coming reign
Of liberty, shall rise a nobler fane
To truth and justice than the world's yet known—
Where love shall find a kingdom all her own.

NEARING PORT

The towering peak behind the harbor mouth
Looms up resplendent in the bright sunset;
The voyage near its end, but we would yet
Sail on exultant in the dare of youth—
Love, song and valor, beauty, freedom, truth,
Long charmed our way and left us no regret—
No adverse gale or false light we have met
Could stay our course or lure us North or South.

To port and starboard braver ships are strewn,
Blind, trusting to their reckoning in the dark,
They plunge through surges dire of gulf and main,
No pilot nigh, no light of star or moon.
Ah, why must ne'er so many a gallant bark
Her final port of endless joy attain!

REGRESSIONAL

A vast Kipling!
Ye mighty mighty little islander,
How darst ye thus yer warring kin folk slur—
In couplets fling
Their follies in their faces? Ye should know
'Tis gall to Broderick, Saulsbury and Joe
And Kitchener
And all ye bid take up the white man's burden
Of guilty gold and Empire, the poor gurdeon
Of crime and war.
Ye are the chosen laureate of your race
And might have sung its faults with better grace.

Though I judge not
Lest I be judged, but from our Howels take.
My dictum terse, for he at least's no fake,
Here on the spot,
Ere the dry rot or Botha sweep it from the earth
And heaven gives the boastful race new birth
Of feeling, seeing
The right of other people's to their own
God given countries, to be theirs alone—
The right of being
Free in all justice to each neighboring state
More bent to love and be beloved than great.

But thou wouldst force
Thy little island by laws down the throats†
Of greater nations, and with lawless votes
Estop the course
Of native justice, or with maxim guns
And all yer men at arms and tons and tons
Of vile falsehood,

†"He sticks to his traditions and so help him God he will force his little island by laws down the throats of greater nations."—Emerson's *English Traits*.

Like craven minions lie the lives away
Of those ye darst not meet in open fray,
As brave men should
Ye pay to gold a homage absolute,*
The while in me such homage vile ye shoot.

And still ye land
Yer “England wherein all is false and forged†”—
With spoil and plunder all her vaults are gorged.
She prays to God
On bended knees for power his laws to break,
And offers up on gallows, at the stake,
Her sacrifice
Of freeman’s lives, her holocaust
Of all that maids and matrons comfort most
And strong men prize.
For these and nameless crimes her doom is sealed.
She must to God condign atonement yield!

* “*There is no country in which such absolute homage is paid to wealth.*”—*Emerson.*

† “*In true England all is false and forged.*”

“*I am afraid that English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with every other.*”

“*Hardly the bravest among them have the manliness to resist this.*”—*R. W. Emerson.*

THE SEA SIDE CHOIR

Two mocking birds at mass and vespers sung
Upon the cross above the chapel door,
All spring and summer, and still joyous pour
Such wondrous notes the choral chants among,
They seem to issue from some angel tongue.
The ocean dirges, wafted evermore
On wings of sensuous trade winds, from the shore
Of South Sea Isles, where floral censers swung
In tropic suns, diffuse an incense sweet
As burnt Alabanum at the Savior's feet,
The beauty of their riant measures lend.
The voices of the mountains and the trees—
Within, without, these heavenly harmonies
In adoration up to God ascend.

OUTWARD BOUND

The long bright summer days have come again
Restless around us roll the shoreless seas—
Close on the freshening trade wind how she flees!
Our little bark with masts and shrouds astrain.
What rapture love to be thus free! The brain
Is dizzy with delight. What brilliancies
Of tropic suns and stars and all that frees
The mind from languor and the heart from pain.

Nor reck how far ahead our destined port
While at the helm our mighty pilot stands—
In him we trust nor dread or reef or gale;
E'en while of tempests wild the bubble sport
What joy is ours obeying his commands,
Whither close reefing or snug furling sail!

TO THE HUMMING BIRD

Radiant gem of beauty rare
Flashing through the morning air!
When spring aglow, with song and shout,
Flings all her leafy banners out,
And buds in later suns expand
A blaze of beauty o'er the land,
From flower to flower on restless wing
Spinning to taste each honey spring,
Deep in the heart of every flower.
Embosomed in each fragrant bower.

From every rose some rare tint caught
Was in thy lustrous vesture wrought
With emerald and carmine hues,
And iridescent evening dews,
And glistening rainbow fragments: spun
From rays of morning star and sun,
And tropic rain—and mist, and light
Of the warm languorous southern night,
And crimson, violet, olive gold
In infinite loveliness untold.

How far the unfathomed sea below
Sparkled the rubies' wondrous glow
Thy slendor throat encompassing?
Ah never grandest crown of king
So bright a jewel yet displayed—
What time the blithe sea fairies played
Thy little song's accompaniment,
On their strung harps of gold, that lent
Strange music to the monotone
Of the old sea's eternal moan.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "OLD GLORY"

Old Glory of immortal song that bore
The palm of poesy to our western shore—
Pity and sorrow for thy land ingrate—
As Dante's was, so now thy sad estate.
E'en Homer's self, neglected, blind, must needs
To pour his epics from a heart that bleeds,
And all we know of Paris, Helen, Troy,
Is what his genius left us to enjoy.

And what of all that nations, men have done
In arts or arms or science 'neath the sun—
Or what has wealth with all her golden store
Or kings and heroes ever compassed more
To tell to future ages whose the thought—
The bold design that cunning hands hath wrought
Into ideal forms of bronze and stone
But what the bards divine have sung alone.

The banners under which the brave and free
In every age have marched to victory,
Pennons that high at reeling mastheads flew,
When battling navies reddened all the blue,
And the last words from dying sailor's lip,
Nor plaint nor moan, but, "Don't give up the
ship!"

Were "pictures in the air," of freedom's soul.
What urged our Greely, Nansen to the pole—
Dewey and Shafter under torrid suns,
Where dire disease, more fatal than the guns
Of Spain, cut down their seared ranks so grand?
The "enchanted web" ennobling their command—
The flag that stood for all that men revere—
God, Country, home, wife, children, all that's dear

To manly hearts, that sweetens life, refines
The spirit sense, as length of years old wines.

And if those arms that bore on glory's field
That flag aloft, unknowing how to yield,
Fall powerless now, by want unnerved, and they
Who craven shrank on freedom's reddest day
By craft and fraud and gold's despotic reign
The very name of liberty profane,
From time's prolific womb a race shall rise
To light with brighter stars our darkling skies.
Then freedom, truth and justice, high above
The god of gain enthroned, and peace and love
Their blessings shall diffuse with lavish hand
And happy homes again adorn our land,
Temples to heaven ascend, whose gifts so rare,
The poor shall portion with the millionaire.

THE LIPTON CUP

Flower of the shamrock,
Trophy of the brave,
Now is ours Corinthians—
Sir Thomas Lipton gave
The precious symbol to us—
A challenge bold that we
Defend must 'gainst all comers
On ocean, bay and sea.

Fresh blows the wind round Loma,
Far inland, up the bay—
The silver gate's wide open
To all who come this way—

A royal welcome's waiting—
True sailor's hail and cheer
Will greet all in the future
With joy of yester year.

Fill high the cup; our pennants
Fling higher to the breeze.
Drink deep to love and friendship
But drain not to the lees.
A brimmer to Sir Thomas
When soon he comes out west
To win our hearts all from us—
The fullest and the best.

SENATOR HOAR

To think and feel two ages long and more,
And act above one's time, high as the stars
The earth above are, leaves a man some scars
That tell how nobly he the brunt had bore
Of battle for the right his years three score—
For equal justice to all men where dar's
His country's flag to float with honor o'er,
Nor native good nor high ideal mars.

For these and more than any speech or song
May utter, Hoar, thou in the senate stood
And taught mankind the truths sublime that
must
In God's own time uproot all crime and wrong—
The law of love and human brotherhood—
The glory of a nation to be just.

A SEA CHASE

When you see the land so lavish of its beauty and
increase
Of nature's bounty, that to men yield comfort,
joy and peace,
And the proud sea's costly freighted ships, from
every mart and mine
Come crowding in, O murmur not that none of
these are thine.

Some are thine by right eternal of God's holy will
and law,
As his High Priests and Prophets taught, the more
they daily saw
The shrewd and evil-minded ones of olden times
possess
Themselves, the things that heaven designed for
all men's happiness.

But they wrought them single handed, giving men
a fighting chance—
In the days ere combinations owned the wide
world in advance,
And trusts and corporations, every self respecting
man
Crushed, and put to shame the very name of free
American!

Come away to where the savage of the South Sea
Islands may
A precious little longer let his instincts have their
play;
We can loiter in the cocoa grove and from the
dukite run,
Or in shades of clustered palms hide us from the
tropic sun.

There the fruits of earth abundant grow, in mellow
clusters fall
Into the lazy lap of each, the common right of all.
Haste we, haste we ere the greedy trusts have
filed on even these,
And brought the tattooed islanders submissive to
their knees.

Then at last the floating islands, rent by typhoons
from their base,—
Together round the harried sea in our canoe we'll
chase;
And if they perchance shall vanish in the dark-
ness from our ken,
Then in mid ocean fearless, free, me must go down
like men.

HER ANSWER

My love to adorn with rare garlands
Of pearls and of rubies so fine,
I sailed and I sailed to all far lands
And ransacked sea, mart, reef and mine.

And then when with gems I had decked her
That outshone the sun and the stars—
O fool that I was to expect her
To honor my years and my scars!

But now more ambitious than ever,
She said with evasion polite,
“ Somewhere 'neath the Stygian River
Dear Jack they have found a Kunzite.”

BEAUTY CHASING

A man and a boy together
Stood talking beside the sea,
When up flew a fugitive feather
Of foam. With raptuous glee
And laughter the boy ran after
The vanishing white that flew
Inland where, taller than pine or fir
The majestic palm trees grew.

Till the white sea foam in mist dissolved
And the boy back musing went.
"Hast seen life's mystery aptly solved,
My son. Nor is that beauty spent;
In yonder river's arid flood
'Twill back to the ocean flow
Then with fresh beauty inland scud,
For God has decreed it so."

PLAYING THE GAME

He had cornered rice and risen the price
Just double, and then it fell
In a day so low he must needs "let go,"
And then he went to—well,
From that evil hour Imperial power
His phrensied mind possess't
And proud at the helm of his airy realm
He stands the butt and jest

Of the men who play, and but yesterday
Followed his lead or tip,
At his banquet sat and took off their hat
To his rare good fellowship.

Forever the same is the mystic game
Of life—who wins shall lose—
Who loses today, tomorrow he may
Win, if the jilt he woos.

JOY AND PAIN

Out of the heart rejoicing
There comes to the world the pain
Which its best and loveliest, voicing
In throes of its larger gain,
Gives it back in measure unstinted
Joys sweeter than those it lost—
Purer gold than yet has been minted—
Nor minding to count the cost.

ON CORONADO BEACH

Broke the surf upon the sand
In long waves of light so luminous,
While in mine I prest her hand
And up flew the salt sea spume on us.
On her breast and hairs gold crown
Jewels bright of sea mist glistened—
“ Ah, how dull the noisy town,
Jack!” she whispered reminiscent.

Played the band and artists sung
Near us in the gay pavilion;
But to me no nereid’s tongue—
No, nor seraphim a million
Could her voice so soft and low
Match in melody surprising:
“ O, Jack, dear! the undertow!
We must move, the tide is rising!”

LOVE

Love is the essence of all life and power,
For "God is Love" eternal infinite.
He said for love of us, "Let there be light,"
And light there was, His all illumining dower
To earth, nor ever since that supreme hour
Was beauty wholly hid in starless night—
Somewhere the trees were green, the rose in
 flower
Beneath a sunlit sky serene and bright.

O, say not then that "love's a malady"—
Or if self slain in some unlovely way,
'Twill wake and fill thy empty heart again
With light and hope and rapture, sinlessly
As happy little children at their play,
Whose voices are love's sweetest song's refrain.

MEMORIAL DAY

"The beautiful and impressive service of casting flowers upon the sea, in memory of the dear sailors of our wars, will be observed this Memorial Day, the thirtieth of May, at Long Beach."—Los Angeles Times.

Cast thy bread upon the waters—
 Strew your flowers upon the sea,
 Fairest of Columbia's daughters,
 Wreathe their memories lovingly!

Neptune greets you from his royal
 Chariot shoreward driven fast,
 With his hero subjects loyal,
 Of great sea fights over past.

Music shall our bravest waken
From their long, deep voiceless sleep
To a thrill of joy, partaken
By their shipmates 'neath the deep.

O'Brien first—he of Machias,
Hauling down the British flag,
Hails you, as once hailed Elias
From the Jordan's stormy crag.

Barry capturing the Edward
Fires a broadside in salute.
Who that hears his guns, or heard,
Dare be, in your presence mite?

Jones, back answering to Pierson
With the hero's supreme might,
The Briton vaunting he had won,
"I have not yet begun to fight!"

Farragut, lashed up in the mizzen
Rigging of his flag ship, in command,
As the morning sun uprisen
Glorified the ravaged land.

Ghostly fleets come sailing shoreward,
In the sea mist shortening sail;
Eager for the first sweet foreword,
Admirals and captains hail.

Thus their fame and honor wreathing
Fresh through centuries to come,
To their spirits sweet songs breathing,
Fear not, they shall not be dumb.

Every wave that on your beaches
Breaks in voiceful memory
From some olden squadron reaches
With its brave tales of the sea.

THE CRISIS

O men who long have toiled
In mine, shop, mart or field,
Our blood within our veins has boiled
How rich the hoarded yield?
Let they who reaped the harvests tell,
For only they may know—
The men who all things buy and sell—
Not we who plough and sow.

They grudge us right to live,
These mighty lords of earth,
They gall with penury and give
The men of honest worth,
Who dare not truckle to the things
Whereby their minions grow—
Their weak mercenary underlings—
Vile source of all our woe.

We can crush this false pride
Based on ill gotten gold;
The trusts and mergers open wide,
That all men may behold,
The guilt there secreted too long,
By silken craft and guile,
In vaults than any rocks more strong,
A foul polluting pile.

Fraud and graft, graft and fraud
Everywhere in our land,
Twin she wolves, unashamed, stalk abroad—
Contaminating band—
Court and senate to defile—
Judges, high financiers;
The structure tottering the while
To fall about our ears.
O men of hearts too great
For any taint or touch
Of crime! You must no longer wait—
The crisis is now such
That only you may hope to save
The holy heritage
Of liberty your fathers gave—
Up and your contest wage.

WINTER OUT WEST

These quiet winter days and nights of rest
Are all so filled with joy of living here
It seems sometimes 'tis not an earthly sphere
But some ideal island of the blest,
Where never comes a weary heart in quest
Of beauty and those charms that most endear
But find them in this sunny atmosphere
Of these majestic landscapes of the west.

Now falls the rain in fructifying showers
Weaving its vestures of translucent green
To clothe the earth; the wind among the pines
Sings to the opening buds some tranced hours.
Then comes the clearing sky's resplendent
sheen—
The sun of God, pervading all, resplendent
shines.

ONE PALE PRIMROSE

One pale, lone primrose,
Faded but not dead
Droops beside my path.
No other flower blows,
No soft showers spread
Greenness of aftermath.

Ah how bright in May
All the land was shining!
Beauty at her best
Reigned with charmful sway,
Love knew no repining
At an empty nest.

But long summers drought
Still must bring the sear
Showers fall and lo
Every vernal growth
Beautifies the year—
Then the roses blow.

Beauty never dies—
Only fades a space
To take on fresh glow,
Loves dear sacrifice
To his ladies' grace—
God decreed it so.

THE FINANCIER

He robbed the poor and built
Himself a monument—
Men have condoned his guilt,
God is omnipotent.

ONCE MORE IN PEACE

Once more in peace with pen and book
I loiter in this quiet nook.
The solace of my tree and vine
The stimulus, the bliss divine
Which in the noisy town forsook
Me, now in holier peace are mine.

A MORNING WITH DELAREY

Meek and humble of heart they knelt
In prayer on the wet autumn veldt,
Delarey and his valient band
Imploring that the mighty hand
Of God again would aid the right
And, win or lose the coming fight,
That mercy, mercy would be shown
The vanquished when the field was won.

Then, in the dark the dawn before,
They charge and raking volleys pour
Into the reeling foeman's ranks,
Cut through his center, turn both flanks—
His cavalry in panic rout;
But raise no boastful, conqueror's shout
Their dying captives' groans above
Nor insult brother men they love.

Now on the field a flood of light
Comes pouring down, dispels the night,
Revealing to the eye of day
The sickening scenes of that short fray;
Horses and men, or dead and dying,
In sanguine heaps promiscuous lying,

Battalions that the field have lost,
Disheartened captives, count the cost.

Once more the victors, on their knees
In blood, the wrath of God appease.
" Dear Lord, 'twas not our will," they pray,
" These erring Britons thus to slay.
And loyal to our land and Thee.
They seek all from us to take
And we defend it for Thy sake."

Delarey rising to his feet,
The heart light of the paraclete
Shines in his face. " Now men," he said,
" Let wounded Boer and Briton be
Treated with equal tenderness.
Who to a fallen foe does less
Betrays his God and brands with shame
The hero's and the patriot's name."

Methuen, wounded, wondering, hears—
The simple words dispel his fears
Of long captivity's disgrace—
Delarey meets him face to face—
" My lord art wounded? I regret
That such sorry case we've met.
In better days I could have nursed
You as befits a man at worst."

Swifter than keenest pointed dart
His words transfix Methuen's heart.
" O God," he groans within, " the pain
Of all those sinless souls I've slain.
Yet worse than this, their homes I've burned
And this man's wife and children turned

Out on the ravaged veldt to starve—
For what? A greedy king to serve."

"Nor this the worst for me in store—
His feeble mother past four score
Adrift on the four winds of heaven
I cast. He now defeats me one to seven,
And—with a kindness worse than whips
Of steel on his forgiving lips—"
"My lord, you and your men are free
To go your ways," broke in Delarey.

"My aides will see you safe to where
Awaits you soothing solace, care;
My surgeon shall attend you day
And night, assiduous on the way—
God ope your blinded Empire's eyes—
Too great the human sacrifice
To bloated kingdoms paid and paid—
My lord, adieu, our truce is made."

EXTREMES

*"Turning to scorn with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes."—Tenneyson.*

Beside the idle shaft he lies,
His hammer in his hand,
His arms are bare, his eyes' death stare
Still fixed on mountains grand
Of coal, like giant sentinels,
That round him darkling stand.

Spent to its socket on his brow,
The candle has gone out;

His wife and children, gaunt and pale,
In tears now kneel about
The one sole stay of their lives and play,
While the vocal forests shout

With their infinite tongues of liberty
And in the city near
The mighty owners of the mines
Look grateful as they hear;
And the fools on strike, Ricard and Mike,
Must learn their power to fear.

And he, the lordliest of them all,
Unpitying had decreed
That closed right down the mines must be
Nor cared what hand might feed
The miners' children's hungry mouths—
He was no man of greed.

In his private car he rides away
To where at anchor rides
His yacht so fine, on the windy brine—
On board in splendor bides
His kith and kin, away for a spin
O'er summer seas she glides.

On, on, his floating palace flies
While mirth and revelry
In his cabins ring, where is felt no sting
Of his late dire decree,
But the starving cries of children rise
To heaven eternally.

MY HOME PORT

Far out to sea indefinitely drifting,
Becalmed, or buffeted by storms' great stress;
My reckoning lost and unshored ballast shifting,
Deeper I drink the dulling bitterness
Of wild unfathomable wastes Antarctic,
Where tall ice islands lift their glistening spires
Like grand cathedral steeples, which afar take
On new splendors in the auroral fires.

All night upon the troubled waters pouring
Oil from the marrow of my bones out wrung,
'Mid howling winds and waves tumultuous roar-
ing—
Nursing a garboard leak, a mast head sprung;
Eastward I sail and sail like Vanderdecken,
Away beyond the Cape of Storms afar;
Sea fairies from the cloud rack to me beckon
“ On, on to Banjamassan or Samar!”

Till come at last to my out port's meridian
I northward steer and catch the trade winds
free,
Then up the brave blue Indian Ocean fan,
The fervor of the south pulsing through me.
Then close ahead loom up a thousand islands—
Fair gardens of the Malay's elder gods
Richer in flower and fruit than dreamt I my lands
Were, where the lotus in the ether nods.
Sumatra, Java, Banka, Borneo,
The coral sands that fringe thy lovely shore
With sun and surf dyed gems are all aglow,
Thy tall palm groves and jungles sparkle more

With radiance of thy black-eyed daughter's looks—
Thy mountain brooks with frond and flower
o'erhung
More beautiful than all portrayed in books
Or ever artist limned or poet sung.

My reckoning, lost mid storms and dangers polar,
When sea and sky were met in fatal fray?
I find it here amid these beauties solar—
My Pilot Star shall guide and cheer my way
Onward, serene to my home port supernal,
Where never gale or wave or pain assail;
Where ships at anchor ride in peace eternal—
Answering the harbor master's kindly hail.

A MORNING CALL

The blossoms are falling, falling—
White blossoms of almond and peach,
And the blithe birds calling, calling
Their mates in such exquisite speech
That my poor heart grieves and my tongue but
cleaves
To my palate when I essay
To invite thee love far afield to rove
For one blissful holiday.

Bright is our way and fragrant
With the beauty and smell of flowers,
And never a dull or vagrant
Sad thought shall darken the hours.
Together we'll sup from the golden cup
Of the poppy life's rarest wine,
With a wholesome laugh, while the bliss we quaff,
In the glow of the blest sunshine.

On the hills hear the sweet mist maidens,
 So lovely in purple and white,
In voices of softest cadence
 Our steps to their bowers invite.
In the primrose dells hear the mission bells
 Ever chiming the old refrain;
Be happy today as a child at play
 Till, in death, thou art born again.

See the old earth deftly wreathing
 Her head with young maidens hair;
Feel her warm blood thrilling and seething
 With new life and love everywhere—
To heaven lifting her white hands—sifting
 From desert sands her finest gold—
Come away to roam through the meadow foam:
 Where the young heart never grows old.

THE DREAMER'S OUTING

A dreamer, he of such strange beauty dreamed
 As never mortal eye had gazed upon.
A thinker, she whose beauty erst had won
The love of men more gifted than he seemed—
 And had not woman's will, since Adam, run
To win? And this her highest aim she deemed.

Had he not oft in coldness past her by,
 Her look and smile unheeding, gone his way?
 Yet soon on him should dawn the fateful day
When one brief glance from her love darting eye
 Should bring him to her feet to plead and pray
For grace and mercy of his deity.

So when the greenness, dew and flowers sent
On breath of June, into the city's throng,
Their fragrance, and the woods were sweet with
 song
Of birds, afield this sturdy dreamer went
 To bide and recreate all summer long—
But she his selfish aim would circumvent.

Well had he scanned the ills of city life
 While through his woodland ways alone he
 moped—
No summer girl might thither drift he hoped—
Here he was free from trouble, care and strife.
 How fresh the woods and green hills westward
 sloped
The fields and streams with beauty all were rife.

“Ah, but not here is what I've sought to find—
 The beauty of all beauty is not here.”
“Thou hast not eyes to see, 'tis everywhere—
Though chance of destiny hath made men blind
 To what they seek, that ever dwells anear,
Seek with the light of all seeing eyes and mind!”

A dryad of the woods, for such she seemed,
 Before him radiant in a bower stood
 Of wild rose twined athwart the underwood—
‘Twas she had spoken—no, he had not dreamed—
 What new felicity thrilled all his blood—
His eyes with very rapture danced and gleamed.

“Queen of all Queens, what homage can I pay
 Thee, sweet sovereign of all majesty?”
“Bow down before me low on pliant knee
And pardon for thy past omissions pray,”
 A wood thrush piped atop the nearest tree,
As down he bent exulting to obey.

THE YELLOW GOD

“This is the white man’s God, O, Chiefs, behold!
The Casique said to his assembled braves,
Holding aloft the glittering lump of gold—
“They come to pillage, slay or make us slaves—
Let’s dance to, and adore their deity,
That it may bid them do us no such ill—”
They danced and reverenced it with votive glee;
The God propitious, yielding to their will.

But men from gods not always counsel take—
When gold and conquest are the prizes sought;
Alive they burnt the Casique at the stake,
The God’s good bidding coming all to naught.
From north to south, from east to west they swept
And scourged the land with war and rapine dire;
Mothers with babes into the rivers leapt
To escape the infernal pangs of sword and fire.

THE BOW-WOW BANQUET

The royal feast of the bow-wows
Was set in the palatial house
Of Lady Worthy at Newport.
Around the well-bred cannies sate
And of the banquet drank and ate
Complaisantly as peers at court.

Blazoned such gems on head and neck,
As well might queen or princess deck,
Of every setter, poodle, collie.
Their ladies lounged admiring near
Exulting in the festive cheer—
‘Twas “this is fine,—Nay more, ‘tis jolly.”

In vain may art and riches vie
With nature. When the cups filled high
Full often mantling had gone round
Instinct, desire, mirth rebelled—
No dog could in his seat be held—
Such test their culture proved unsound.

The ladies, shocked and shamed, withdrew,
Around the liveried valets flew,
Their blithesome masters to restrain;
And when the dogs were curbed at last,
Unrobed they were and forthwith cast
All into baths of best champagne.

Champagne with heather blossoms white
Perfumed, as sweet as highland night
Bathed in warm dews of summer sheen—
Freemen, “What think ye of these things?”
’Tis simple truth, “the poet sings,”
Nor half of what he’s heard and seen.

Dim, dark and bare the tenements
In Rockfelt’s alley, high the rents,
Half naked children grim and gaunt
Thicker than bees around a hive,
With hunger scarcely half alive
These sunless, noxious abodes haunt.

You hear the barking and the cries
Of dogs and children and your eyes
And heart with shame and sorrow rent
Bewail as men the evil days
When, drifting from their old sweet ways,
False gods your daughters circumvent.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE'S CHRISTMAS

A furious gale was howling, Cape Horn ten leagues away,
The brave ship, hard-prest, groaning, under goose-winged topsails lay,
The mountain waves wild-roaring, swept her fore and aft as high
As the reeling mast-heads, bending under a black, storm-riven sky.

Beyond the doleful darkness no eye had seen to shine,
On that wild Christmas morning, one ray of hope divine.
All hands tug fainting at the pumps, breast-high immersed they stood
In water cold as snowdrift on the bleak polar land.

Then, thundering down from Sou'west the fearful hail-squall came,
In its black forehead burning an eye of frantic flame;
"Aloft, brave lads," the captain cries, "and furl the foretop sail!"
And then the song of valor rose above the wave and gale.

But human power the bravest is futile to withstand
The vengeful blows and mighty of the storm-King's iron hand.
The sails were blown to tatters, the yards were rent in twain—
To death were dashed five sailors on deck and in the main.

Three dead men in the cabin, a woman sad and
mild,
Beside them humbly praying, before a crib and
child—
Blest symbol of the Christ-child in the manger
lowly laid
While gleams of glancing sunlight on all their
faces played.

Came down her husband weary, from the long
night's fatal fray,
A man of deeds and daring, not used to praise or
pray;
By love's sweet power she rules him, be kneels his
wife beside,
While falls the peace of Galilee upon the storm
swept tide.

Long since o'er life's vast ocean the ship has sailed
her last,
And reached the radiant haven, colors flying at
half mast
For all brave ships and sailors wrecked on reefs or
lost at sea—
For ships that sail in direful gale through all eter-
nity.

TO CRONJE IN EXILE

How fair ye, heart of valor and of truth! the while
The riant trade-winds waft thee to thy sea-girt isle
The essence of that spirit bred upon thy veldt,
That only souls supreme as thine have felt?
Intrepid warders of that boon, of God's the best—
Banished from Europe far to exile in the west,
And thence transplanted in thy southern land,
 ere time
Had branded on her radiant brow or shame or
 crime!

O liberty! unconquerable ever where
Thy life is lived, a simple unambitious prayer—
Where luxury, with all her gorgeous train of woes,
Has come not in to make thy erstwhile friends thy
 foes.

Oh, may thy guardian angels hover him above,
To soothe his grieves with whisperings of hope and
 love—
And benisons of loving hearts, of his the life,
The sweet caress, the magic touch of child and
 wife!

Ah! never yet so deep have rankled English gyves
In braver souls or blighted more ideal lives
Than thine and thy brave few, who fearless stood
 at bay,
Scarce one to twenty, firm before the vast array
Of Roberts' vaunting troops, till wasting famine
 sore
Thy fall foredoomed. But final triumph waits
 before
All valiant souls, and God is just, and yet will he
Strike Briton's tyrant fetters from thy land and
 thee.

TWO STAGES

I stood in manhood's morning prime
The peer of any of my time—
The peer, as men are gauged to-day,
By gifts divine they fling away.
With lust of gold my heart was fired,
The more of riches I acquired
The more the burning thirst consumed—
My life, my very soul seemed doomed,
While on my ears unceasing came
The honeyed sounds of men's acclaim,
And Woman, with resistless wiles,
Lavished on me her dazzling smiles.

Then came the change, as soon or late
It comes to all. Ah, welcome fate!
Failure and loss my heart have bowed
And nowhere mid the jostling crowd
Is left one friend to call mine own—
I am forsaken and alone
With thee of all I loved and knew,
Through good and ill unswerving, true
And faithful as when in our halls
Glittered the showy festivals,
And fashion's brightest arts decoyed
Only to leave an aching void.

Sing me to-night a simple song
To soothe to peace and make me strong—
A melody of love and youth—
A harmony of joy and truth,
Such as the wind in Maytime brings,
Rose perfumed, on its dewy wings—
That in it hath the entrancing call

To prayer and holy penance, all
The rapture of the vesper hymn—
The glory of the seraphim—
And, chastened wing my poor soul's flight
Up, up beyond this realm of night!

THE ROBIN AND MOCKING BIRD

A robin red breast, migrating sou'west,
His weary wing rested one day,
Where the green, white and gold of a wide orange
wold
Set his fancy and voice in full play.

A mocking-bird near on a larch, lent an ear
To the soft notes so strange to his land—
“Ho, red breast!” he sung in the robin's own
tongue,
“You are welcome, lad, give us your hand!”

“Whence came you? you seem to be in a day
dream,”
“From the northland,” the robin replies,
“Where the frosty wind blows 'mid the realm of
the snows,
I am charmed with your warm winter skies,

“May I linger till spring 'mid this bright blossom-
ing?”
“To be sure, lad,” the mocking-bird sung,
“Why bless you, my boy, 'tis our infinite joy
To have you this Christmas among

“Our bowers Acadian with golden fruits laden,
And flowers that bloom evermore,

'Mid our valleys so green, on our hills in the sheen,
From mountain to vocal seashore.

"Come away to the feast, be our first honored
guest,
At our festival, fit for a king!"
"So unworthy am I," quoth the robin, quite shy,
And after his kind host took wing.

A MORNING RIDE TO SALVADOR

Across the mesa's lucent green
The golden poppy's gorgeous sheen
Such affluence of beauty flung,
The leagues of wild flowers far among,
That over all the glorious show
Uprose a ruddy golden glow,
And o'er the cloudless dome of blue
A gossamer of saffron drew.

On every blade of grass and thorn
Glistened the dewy gems of morn,
And fragrances more rich and rare
Than Ceylon's spiceries were there;
A lark's wild song the heavens filled—
On palm and pine the brown thrush trilled;
An eagle from his mountain eyre
Far north, sailed down the blithe March sky—
And now, a song sublime—O, hark!
Surpassing voice of thrush or lark—
It is the inspired mocking bird—
The song that Saints in Heaven heard
When bright Cecilia's soul took flight
Upward on that dark, fatal night
When martyr to God's truth, she died
And was in Heaven beatified.

“Those ruins, girl, the hill below?
The old Franciscan pueblo,
Perhaps the only heritage
Of a more glad, romantic age,
When men lived less for self and power,
And beauty and truth were woman’s dower—
Here on this fallen Sala floor
In mirthful maze full many a score
Of señoritas, fairer far
Than Dian or the Morning Star,
Danced, their fine figure’s grace of motion,
Like waves of some bright star-lit ocean
Or wind-stirred lake, their dark eye’s glance
Shot through you like a Cupid’s lance,
Their cavalier’s admiring eyes
Hung on their beauties’ witcheries.

“This is the ruined altar where
They knelt at Mass or Vespers, ere
A hostile Saxon foot had trod
Upon their shores, with rapine shod—
You see his footprints everywhere,
Sign of destruction, death, despair.

Standing the shriveled palms beneath,
The freer to respire the breath
Of the wild rose and jessamine,
There came out of the fallen fane
A woman, bent, grey and decrepit;
She paused before the door and wept,
As if her poor old heart would break.
‘Let’s ask the stricken soul to take
A ride,’ Cecilia said, ‘away
From scenes that on her poor heart lay
Heavier than the weight of sin’.
‘Pray, madam, may I help you in

To our poor coche? There is peace,
And of your sorrow sweet surcease
Down in our sea-side cities throng,'
Gracias senor, here I belong,
Mi marido, ninos, todo lie
Here long in dust and soon shall I.' "

Gentle and meek as any child,
Through her hot tears she bowing smiled ;
Then, with the grace, polite and bland,
Of her complaisant native land,
She reached my wife her hand and said :
" Adios, senora. Do not shed
A tear for me ; I no more care
For things the world in common share—
My dead await me there above,
Where all is joy and peace and love. "

SUNSET IN DREAMLAND

Alone, upon the headland's rocky brow.
Westward of all the summer lands and seas,
We roamed together— Now I drink the lees
Of life's red wine ; and feel the moonsons blow
Fresh in the brilliant sunset's afterglow,
Odors of Bendemere and Celebes,
Inward, to soothe the burning memories
Of vanished joys I nevermore may know.
But, ere the lingering radiance fades away,
Come drifting in upon the surges hoar,
The white-robed forms of friends who ne'er
beguiled :
Spirits, that lure me back to life's noon-day ;
Our ancient, ship we man, equip, unmoor,
And put to sea, to breast the tempests wild !

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.

"The light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men."

Our olive groves are vocal with the song
Of many a bird you loved so well to hear;
Our Southern winter skies are warm and clear
As when you loved to loiter all day long
These stately palms and fragrant bowers among;
Those too brief days of rest that you could spare
From watching on the hill-top, in the care
Of souls you saved by grace of pen and tongue.

No, such transition is not death, but life
Eternal, happy, and we feel the glow,
O, gentle spirit, of thy presence near.
It strengthens and sustains us in the strife;
Inspires, and saves us from the undertow,
Uplifts us to a holier atmosphere.

THE TRANSVAAL

Freedom, in one short age has mighty grown,
Pillared on justice 'neath her Southern skies!
Her old despoiler, England, saw her rise,
With open, virgin breast where diamonds shone
In myriad clusters round her golden zone.
Then, at her throat, the royal robber flies.
Ah, must she stand or fighting fall alone?
The troubled nations gape with senile eyes.

Now round her rally sons well tried and true,
Intrepid, yielding to no queen but her;
United, ardent, simple, passionate,
Sincere in love, steel strung of nerve and thew—
Men of such soul and brawn as her own Kruger,
Stand firm sweet maid, thy cause is just and
great!

FREEDOM'S APPEAL

Cronje in exile; Joubert dead—Ah, where
Shall freedom find another two such men,
To lead her valiant few o'er mount and glen,
Against the robber hordes of England? Spare,
O spare, Almighty God, the men that dare
Be free to-day, and loyal to Thee, when
The armed millions, from their spoilers' den
March forth to slay, nor reck the orphan's share.

Columbia what of thee? and thou, brave France?
Wilt sit and see your little sister slain,
Nor raise one arm to ward the fatal stroke?
Backward a century to Yorktown glance
And there some oldtime valor thou mayst gain,
To save such freemen from the tyrant's yoke.

FLORENCE

Florence, more beautiful than thought can reach,
Thy artist monks their lowly cloisters made
With rare creations, in whose light and shade
Seraphic forms move radiantly, and teach
Such truths divine of loveliness that speech
Can never paint, nor the hard hand of trade
Efface. On thy maternal breast they laid
Their heads, their fame upon thy altars, each.

Around thee close the sunlit Appenine
His sheltering arms in pristine fondness flung,
As the young mother clasps her first-born child,
When all was pure from the great hand divine,
At the first dawn and hoary time was young,
And God on the new birth of beauty smiled.

ON THE ARNO

How lightly Fancy dips her golden oar
Into the Arno, and far up ascends
To where the vocal river sparkling wends
Through matchless beauty crowning either shore—
To Florence, mother Queen of Arts, that bore
Those masters of all time, whose canvas lends
A glory such as only God extends
To his creative few forevermore.

Giotto here first gave eternal life
To art divine—his touch gave Dante's face
The unfading glow that centuries of strife,
Nor ages dark nor vandals could efface—
Nor the foul thrust of coward envy's knife—
Giotto, Dante, first of all their race!

LIFE

The hours we may live in the land of the ideal,
Above the lower passions of the earth and all
its pain

Are the joys supreme of life—the felicities which
We all may, as our souls grow upward, still in
ampler measure gain.

THE RAIN

The rain, God's blessed rain,
On the parched land amain
Falls, and the gaping earth,
Barren so long, gives birth
To beauty and joy again,
Dispelling doubt and dearth.

Out from the drouth of fears—
The unbelief of years
That dried my soul to dust
Tears of repentance burst,
Fruitful, redeeming tears
Of faith, love, hope and trust.

MORNING

Up from behind the mountain's purple crest
A golden glory, rolls the convex sun;
A-field their flocks, the jocund shepherds run,
To sing their matins on the green hill's breast;
Flash the white sails from seaward in the west;
And now the woodland songsters are begun
To fill the hollow heaven with music spun
From angel's dreams, in heavenly peace at rest.
Ah! there are scenes and voices manifold
Of hamlet, farm, lake, orchard blossoming,
Beyond the falling temple's white facade!
Majestic towering in the blue and gold,
Ascends the city, man's poor offering
To God, for all the beauties yet untold.

LOSS AND GAIN

In losing half our friend by dear Joe's marriage,
The bands divine 'twere sinful to disparage.
Our loss is happily his gain, and we,
Though tears may start, will all rejoice to see
The better half of him far happier, fairer,
And she, sometimes may deign to be the sharer
With us of mirth and brilliant converse blent—
And O the soul of song that heaven sent
To be our own. The flash of wit; the gleam
Of genius, lost in things that only seem—
But why regrets, or future joys foretell?
"He's good fellow and 'twill all be well."

MY LOST SAILOR LAD

O winds of the sea blowing shoreward—
Salt winds of the ultimate sea,
Hast never a heart-cheering foreword
From my sailor lad home-sent to me?

That day when on board be was hieing
He swore, as he kissed me good-bye,
That no maid, to the day of his dying,
But me could his true colors fly.

Alone on the foreland, far seaward
I watch as I watched, and I pray,
When I saw in the blue haze to leeward
His ship from my sight fade away.

Ah, the long dismal years I have waited—
Bleak, joyless, disconsolate years,
Beholding ships sail in deep-freighted,
'Mid welcoming hailings and cheers!

Till my eyes and my sad heart no longer
This watching and waiting can bear—
Ah, God, spare my sight—make me stronger!
Thy mercies abound everywhere.

Now from the shore comes rejoicing,
Now vocal the ocean with joy!
But no homeward bound mariner's voicing
A word of my lost sailor boy.

“IN TUNE”

To a lady, on reading a book which she had sent to the author with a request that he give her his opinion of the work.

If thou, dear friend,
Wouldst ever be in tune,
Singing as joyous as the birds in June,
With the great fact of heaven's infinity,
Be as ever thou art,
Whatever chance or change
May bring within thy life's terrestrial range.
Christ said, “Let children come to Me,”
And so as little children come must we,
If come at all, to our inheritance.
Beauty is everywhere
And harmonies divine,
If with true spirit sense we hear, and see
Through eyes of faith, simple and happy, free
From vanities of those that shine,
In their own fleshly sight, and share
The attributes of “men gods” and decree
In sophisms trite the poor soul's destiny.
Of such, my friend, beware—

The rose and violet blooms
Brighter in virgin soil, and shed perfumes
Broadcast along the valleys and the mears;
No garden flower was ever sweet or rare
As the wild rose beside the alpine flumes,
The finished opera the city hears
Is to the lark's wild song but meager cheer.

TO—

“Sing as the birds and streams do, just for the love of it.”

Dear—you bid us sing as when
The gladsome “better days” were ours,
And with us wrought those vanished men
Through years of fruitful suns and showers

That filled our spring and summer days
With essences of song supernal
And garnished all our wintry ways
With boskages and flowers vernal.

Our spring's now gone, ere well begun
Your later northern singing season,
Dry are our streams, or only run
Sluggish their saturnalian lees on.

Ah me, how grey our hills, and bare!
Where late the poppy's vesture golden
And saffron primrose blossoms rare
To beauty bound us more beholden.

'Mid stubble field and withered grass
Still “Baby blue eyes,” smiling at us,—
Looks sweetly up, Alas! Alas!
The dream is but an ignis fatuus.

Yet in our hearts we'll sing elate,
As all around on tree and cresting
The mocking bird sings to his mate
While she in blissful peace is nesting.

IN ALI'S LAND

All that warm soft spring and summer the un-
clouded arch of blue
Heaven, serene and bright above us, daily bright
and brighter grew.
Ideal days and nights of stars
An argent moon beside,
Shot down their gold and silver bars
Upon the earth, whereon uprose on high
From valley, hamlet, hill, from moor and forest
wide,
From park and lawn and glen, such matchless
melody—
Such infinite choral song of birds, it seemed to me
That never lute or harp had come to heavenly
choir so nigh.

How beautiful the far land bloomed and blossom-
ed plant and tree;
From rosy bower and river side and o'er the
sounding sea
Came sailor's song and maiden's hymn—
In the palm grove's gorgeous show
We touched great Ali's garment hem
And in the radiant sunsets daily saw
The dusky white-robed caliph bending low
To kiss his holy ground by Obur's limpid brink,
And with his prostrate votaries to lave and drink
The chalice of their Soona God, and so fulfill the
law.

Then full soon in the late autumn the parched
earth's gaping mouth
Cried aloud for rain, all beauty had vanished with
the drouth.
All song was hushed, the rivers dry,
No dews at eve or morn—
The burdened camel's startling cry,
The caliph's chalice dry as desert sand—
From all around came dying groans and wail
forlorn—
The scorching sun still burning pitiless,
It seemed that God had ceased the fallen race to
bless,
And all His quickening gifts and treasures held
fast in His hand.

“Ah, what fools were we to wander to this fatal
land in quest
Of wonders, dear!” groaned Ethna, her fallen
head upon my breast,
“Our poor she camel's now gone dry,
No sap in root or leaf
Is left. Ah, Nial, 'tis hard to die!”
“We shall not, love—take heart—have faith in
God!”
I kis't her pallid lips to soothe her fainting grief.
Anon, athwart the flaming sky a cloud
O'erspread, with flashing thunder pealing long
and loud
And poured the copious rain down on the laughing
pregnant sod.

KRUGER AND ENGLAND

Said Chamberlain to Kruger, "I must make an aid of you

That will raise me to the summit of my fame—
That will seat me on the wool sack as a Boer ought to do."

And he sent him Redvers Buller to his shame.
He was not a duke, nor earl, nor yet a sergeant—

But a big brass-mounted general that came!
And he swore by all that's great: "Now 'tis forward! No retreat."

But Joubert knew 'twas bluff, the British game.

Said England unto Buller,—though at present fighting shy,—

"I will send two hundred thousand men or more,

Then you'll close in upon them on their kopjes by and by

With hundreds to the burghers' half a score."

It was no kid-glove parading sort of battle,

But batteries belching green hot lyddite flame
At the frowning ramparts raised by their God,
devoutly praised—

And the Boers never missing once their aim.

Said England unto Kruger. "You've had miracles before—

Majuba hill stands topmost of them all,
But if you watch Sir Buller, he may show you something more—

Colenso and Spion Kop were not so small."
That's England's cock-sure way with weaker nations—

She serves all valiant foemen just the same,
For she thinks her mission still is to rob and slay
at will,
So 'tis done in God's and cheap progression's
name.

Said Kruger unto England: "You may slay our
soldiers all,

But they'll die like men with rifles in their hands
And then you'll find our women in the trenches,
last to fall,

With babes upon their breasts, at your com-
mands!"

It was barbarous campaigning that would make
a Zulu blush,

And the Christian world was staggered at the
sight;

But the Anglo-Saxon does it in the cause of pro-
gress—hush—

Doncha know the Anglo-Saxon's always right!

Said England to Lord Kitchener: "You let my
soldiers go!

This costly war has lasted long enough;
Turn loose your thugs and cut-throats of Park
Lane and Rotten Row—

Austral bushmen—all your toughest of the
tough;

They've no regard of wife, maid, child or mother,
They know no pity, fear of God, or shame,

Nor care what may betide, so their passion's grati-
fied—

They're the men that build my empire and my
fame."

They made a lord of Buller for his many brave
retreats—

For bidding White surrender Ladysmith;
An earl they've made of Roberts for his burning
homestead feats,

And a dukedom falls to Kitchener forthwith—
For he starves the babes along of all the women,

And keeps alight the havoc-spreading flame,
So the wider to lay waste all the land in greater
haste,

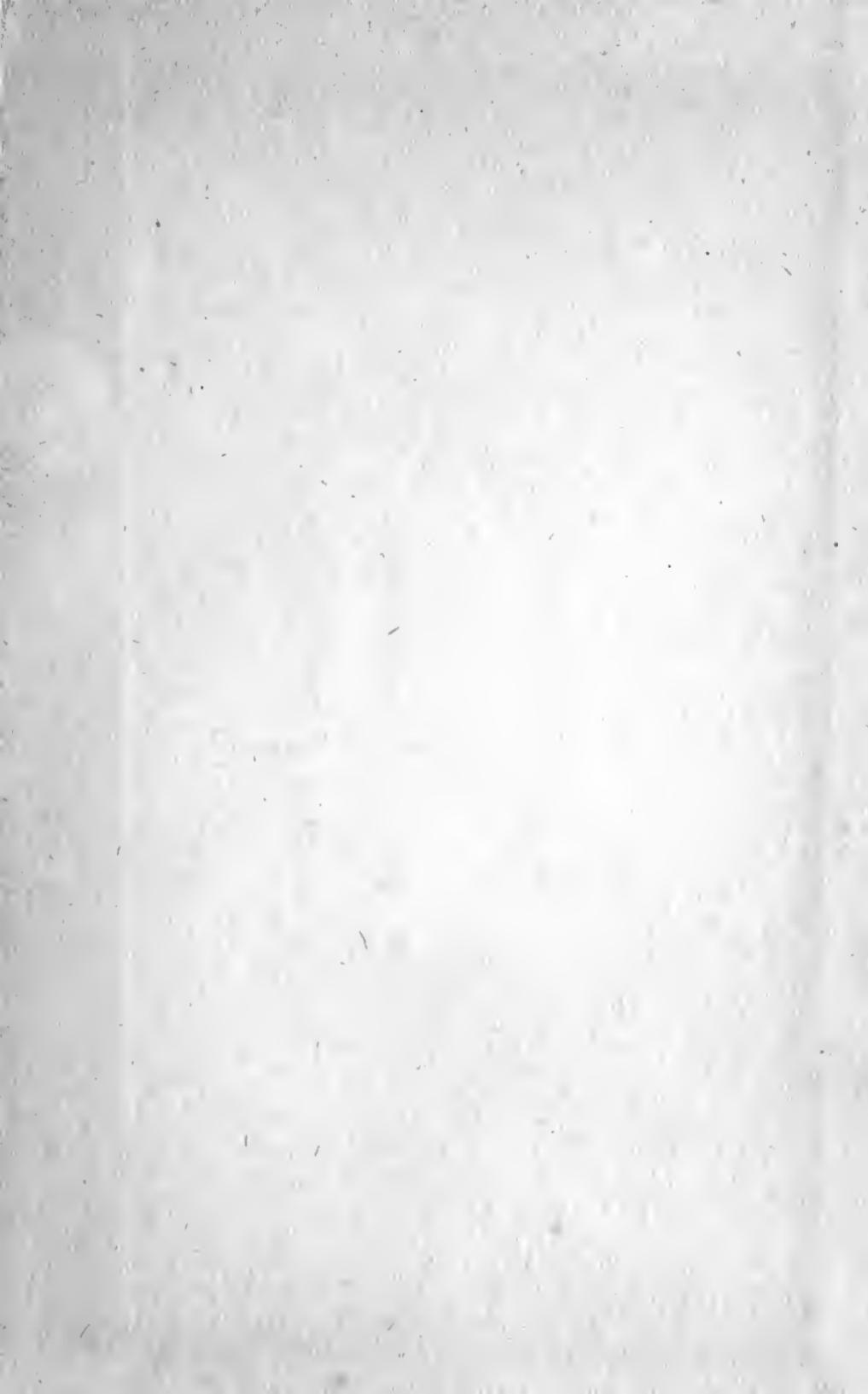
Ere De Wet can block his ignominious game—
Knight, Lord, General, Duke, Commander—
But the everlasting cruelty's the same!







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